

DAIRY TALK.

Dairying and hog raising are a good combination.

The dairy hand separator is rapidly solving the question of getting good skim milk for feeding calves.

Try to have most of your cows in fall milk during the winter when prices are good for butter and there is more time to look after them.

When cream fails to churn into butter it usually is due to the milk coming from cows that are near the close of their period of lactation.

One of the first requirements of successful dairying is for the dairyman to have a liking for cattle and understand their nature and wants.

A heifer is quite apt to form her milking habit after the birth of her first calf. A little extra time spent then by the owner will mean money later.

When a cow is said to have lost her cud, it is only a case of indigestion. Usually the cause is not far to seek. Change the feed and feed sparingly for a few days.

Only the best of salt should be used in salting dairy butter. It may cost a little more, but it will pay to get it in order to improve the quality of the butter.

Cows should not be allowed to drink very cold water. Often chills result from drinking ice water in the winter time and it requires a good deal of vitality to recover from the ill effects.

A pound of salt will be sufficient for sixteen to twenty pounds of butter. The difference in cost between the very best salt and the very poorest is but the merest fraction of a cent per pound. How foolish it is to use anything but the best. In buying salt the thing to do is to purchase the best that can be had and figure on price afterward.

It is a matter of the greatest difficulty to get a cow back to her flow of milk when it has once been permitted to shirk. From the time she becomes fresh until she has been in milk nine or ten months, the dairy cow should be kept up to her full capacity. This is especially important with young heifers. The gift of continuance is a valuable gift in a cow.

The Dislikes of Animals.
Smoking a clay pipe, the circus after sat in the winter training quarters. Under his supervision a thin boy was learning to ride erect on a quiet horse with a broad, flat back.

"In some towns they won't let us show," said the man, "unless we have no camels with us. Camels are a serious drawback to shows. Horses are so much afraid of them that lots of towns won't let a camel enter their gates."

"A horse won't go near a piece of ground a camel has stood on. The very smell of a camel in the air will make a horse tremble and sweat. And this fear isn't only found occasionally in a horse here and there. It is found in every horse all over the world. Queer, isn't it? I often wonder why it is. Cattle hate dogs in the same way, and cats hate dogs so, too. Here, though, we can account for the hatred. Dogs in primitive times fed on cattle, no doubt, and even today, here and there, they kill and feed on kittens."

"Horses love dogs. I'm sure I don't know why. Dogs fear no animals but snakes and leopards. You can take a dog up to a lion's or a tiger's cage, and he will show no fear; but take him up to the cage of a puma or a leopard, and he will tremble and moan and slink away out of sight."

"All very puzzling, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Care of Carpets.
In sweeping carpets use wet newspapers wrung nearly dry and torn in pieces, or fresh cut grass. They collect the dust and do not soil the carpet.

To brighten the carpet you can sprinkle with salt, or go over once a week with a broom that has been dipped in hot water to which a little spirits of turpentine has been added.

Wring a cloth in hot water and wipe under pieces of furniture too heavy to be moved. This is a precaution against moths.

To spoil a carpet sweep it with a stiff, half-worn broom; to save a carpet, dip the broom in clean hot suds once a week, then shake it out and hang it up. This makes the broom last twice as long as it otherwise would.

After a good cleaning, sprinkle with salt, fold and lay in a dry place, then when laid strewn with slightly moistened bran before sweeping. This, with the salt, freshens the carpets in a marked degree.

Vinegar removes fine spots. Spirits of ammonia diluted with water, applied with sponge or flannel to discolored spots, often restores the color.

Neil—He asked me if your hair was red.

Belle—The idea. What did you tell him?

Neil—I told him I didn't know; I wasn't with you when you bought it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

In Eastern lands they talk of flowers. And they tell in a garland their loves and cares—each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers n its leaves a mystic language bears.

The rose is a sign of joy and love—Young blushing love in its earliest dawn, And the mildness that suits the gentle dove From the myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the lily's bell—Pure as the light in its native heaven; Pinks its bright star and glory's swell In the glossy leaf of the bay are given.

The silent, soft and humble heart In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes, And the tender soul that cannot part A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.

The cypress that daily shades the grave Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot, And faith that a thousand ills can brave Speaks in the blue leaves, forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.—James Gates Percival.

UNDER TWO SPELLS.

Frank's Mother an Easy Mark for the Suburban Photographer.

The suburban photographer is frequently a genius, if not always an artist. Frank Blincker was playing at the corner, a week ago, and while his boy friends were chasing a ball, a benevolent, middle aged man came up and said:

"Hello, Frank; wouldn't you like to have your picture taken?"

Frank would, of course. So the artist posed him against a fence and started the operation. When this was done Frank cheerfully told his house number. The photographer told when the picture would be ready and Frank made an appointment to meet his artist friend on the same corner.

A few days passed, and the sun got a chance to develop the picture. A little later Frank's doorbell rang and the middle-aged man presented himself to deliver the goods.

"I came to leave your son's picture," he said. "I have two copies of it, and the charge is only \$1 for each portrait."

"But I did not order any pictures; and I will not pay for them," said an impressionable mother.

"But, madam," continued the man, "you have not seen the pictures. Look at that dear, boyish face, the embodiment of childish innocence and goodness. I am sure that the heart of any mother would leap for joy to see her darling immortalized in this graceful manner."

"How much did you say the charge was?" said the now helpless and fascinated woman.

"Two dollars to you, madam; and it must be a pleasure to have such a dear child in your home."

That was enough. The money was paid; and while Mrs. Blincker added a new page to her book of experience, the man departed, wondering which was the greater, the spell of art or the spell of eloquence.—New York Sun.

As to Money.
A late arrival from the far West was expressing himself with vigor.

"Blank this blank Eastern butcher paper they call money," he said. "Here I am \$3 shy on this roll. Where did it go? Oh, just dropped it. I've been here three months and I've lost \$36 in ones and twos. The gold and silver I've always carried has some weight in my pocket. I know it's there. But this stuff gets mixed up with the cigarette papers and loose change in my pockets, and the first thing I know it isn't there. The other night I stood at an elevated station rolling up a wad of the blamed stuff and a puff of wind caught a \$2 bill. It dropped down and I saw a newsboy grab it and make a getaway."

A man who heard his remarks said: "I've been West. I tried to get bills but there was nothing doing. I wore out two trousers pockets carrying silver cartwheels and dropped about \$3 in loose change through the hole. I hadn't been in Denver a day before I gave \$5 gold piece to a street car conductor, thinking it was a nickel. Maybe he thought so, too, for he didn't say anything. In Frisco I gave away a tenner for a quarter, and so on. Put me down for civilized money!"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Cunning Overdone.
"In a great business," wrote Junius, "there is nothing so fatal as cunning management." The huge corporations controlled by capable and far-seeing men are beginning to understand the folly of underhand dealing with the public whom they are created to serve, but they were a long time finding it out.—Philadelphia Press.

The poets, with a cloud of words, eclipse

The moon of passion * * * Nay! For me, love, let me breathe against your lips

The things one need not say.

—Anna Alice Chapin, in Smart Set.

Mag—Wot is "platonic affection," Liz? Is it love?

Liz—Well, no—it ain't true love! Dere ain't no quarreling in it, ner no fighting, ner worrying, ner hocking, ner drinking, ner getting arrested for non-support, ner nuthin' wot's really passionate.—Puck.

AN IRRESISTIBLE CONCLUSION.

To war a critic, so he said; He wrote his way to fame, A nonsense charged to fill his head, He wrote it just the same. His essays were made up of queer Opinions kinks And people wondered at the sneer Of Jingle Burnum Jinks.

He showed where Shakespeare some- thing failed, Although his work was fair; At Swift he arrogantly railed; He patronized Voltaire. The life work of the world's great men He'd crush in forty winks. And very few escaped the pen Of Jingle Burnum Jinks.

But those who followed him at length Grew very sad indeed. They cried, "Pray show us in your strength What is there left to read! Upon what author may we lean As one who really thinks?" He answered with an air serene, "Why, Jingle Burnum Jinks."

GLOBE SIGHTS.

Brilliant conversationalists are found only in society plays.

With all the modern ingenuity of man, boots are as hard as ever to get on.

There is no use denying it; when an automobile works, it is a great pleasure.

How a woman enjoys telling other women that her husband thinks she works too hard!

When a man wants to compliment a barkeeper's whiskey, he doesn't drink water after it.

There is one comparison we never yet heard a man make; his first wife's children with his second wife's.

Forgiveness may be divine, but there is a state of affairs much more heavenly: To be able to get along without needing it.

Another Atchison girl has discovered that the clerk who weighs the sugar and beans where she trades is a prince in disguise.

It becomes a matter of economy to have more than one baby; one child isn't an infant long enough to wear out the baby buggy.

When a woman is so old she cannot see how much powder she has on, without putting on her glasses to look in mirror, she ought to stop using it.

When the women see the heroine in the hero's arms on the stage; when they read in the last chapter of a book that the hero and heroine are embracing, how they applaud! But when they see the man next door kiss his wife goodbye before starting for work, how they laugh, and wonder "how long it will last."—Atchison Globe.

Our Trade With Italy.

Italy has a foreign commerce of \$670,000,000 yearly, made up of \$330,000,000 imports and \$290,000,000 exports. In this the United States shared in 1904 to the extent of \$36,000,000 exports to and \$33,000,000 imports from Italy. Austria, Germany and France lead us in exports to Italy. The chief item in our sales was 405,367 bales of raw cotton, worth \$22,893,000, of which Italy buys about \$50,000,000 each year. Italy also imports from us, chiefly, agricultural implements, books and maps, cycles, cars and carriages, clocks and watches, copper, fertilizers (\$857,000), scientific apparatus, builders' hardware, typewriters, sole leather, upper leather, naval stores, spirits of turpentine, mineral oils (\$1,678,000), paper and manufactures of oil, paraffin and paraffin wax (\$561,000); canned beef, tallow, lard, leaf tobacco (\$2,476,000); timber and lumber (\$800,000), and furniture.

Our exports to Italy have grown from \$6,169,000 in 1865, \$21,502,000 in 1897, to \$35,720,000 in 1904. Our imports from Italy were \$22,177,000 in 1865, \$13,967,000 in 1897, and \$33,558,000 in 1904.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Ignorance is the stepmother of envy. Weather prophets have more home competition than honor.

It is better to punch up a quarrel today than your face tomorrow.

A snob is a man with money who would be a slob if he didn't have it.

A woman is always grateful to the man who gives her a chance to refuse him.

Many a girl is wearing a solitary diamond because she bought and paid for it.

An old bachelor says but few men are disappointed in love unless they marry.

Usually the hand that rocks the cradle can't hit the side of a barn with a brick.

On his wedding tour a man kisses his bride every time the train enters a tunnel. In after years he takes a drink.

A man is supposed to be happy when he whistles, but when he whistles at sight of his wife's milliner's bill—well, that's quite another matter.—Chicago News.

Linger Longer Lawrence—Yes, lady, I was forced to leave the roof that sheltered me for twenty years.

Mrs. Handout—How was that, my poor man?

Linger Longer Lawrence—Me time expired.—Chicago News.

De Style—Gen. Washington threw a dollar across the Potomac.

Funbusta—That's nothing. General Stoessel pitched his tent three miles from Fort Arthur.—New York Sun.

A Pitiable End.

The last prize Oscar Wilde ever wrote, the only thing he wrote while actually in jail, has been published by his friend, Robert Ross, under the title of 'De Profundis' (Putmans). It is a monody on sorrow, a bitter and, in the end sweetened turning over of experience; and there are pages in it of genuine beauty. One is likely to close the little book with the cry of Othello, "Oh, the pity of it!" Almost at the beginning he writes:

"I have lain in prison for nearly two years. Out of my nature has come wild despair an abandonment of grief that was piteous even to look at; terrible and impotent rage; bitterness and scorn; anguish that wept aloud; misery that could find no voice; sorrow that was dumb. I have passed through every possible mood of suffering. Better than Wordsworth himself I know what Wordsworth meant when he said:

"Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,

And has the nature of infinity." "But while there were times when I rejoiced in the idea that my sufferings were to be endless, I could not bear them to be without meaning. Now I find hidden somewhere away in my nature something that tells me, that nothing in the world is meaningless, and suffering least of all. That something hidden away in my nature like a treasure in a field, is Humanity."

A HIGH PRIVILEGE.

No man can create so much as a spoonful of earth; neither can he create the elements from which come the chemicals that are so essential to the productivity of the soil. Everything is in the world, and what man can do is simply along the lines of change, whereby he makes the hard earth mellow and its chemical constituents available as plant food, or adds to it other chemicals to maintain, or to increase, its store of available plant food.

Herein lies the sublimely beautiful law of co-operation in which man finds himself a joint partner with the Creator, and it is the realization of this, vaguely or clearly, as the case may be, that makes the farmer a "good farmer." We may think of God as saying: "I lend you for use the broad and fertile lands, and I freely give you the air and the sunshine, the rains of summer not give you food or clothing; in the and the winter's snow. But these will sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread, and in thy labor shalt the earth be made more abundant."

To man is left the great work of putting and keeping the soil in good mechanical and chemical condition—in such tith as shall make it produce to its utmost of the things that man needs to sustain life. How any man can lightly look upon this partnership, or fail to see in it inspiration to highest endeavor, is most difficult to understand. To work in closest harmony with the great forces of nature, ought to be recognized as the highest privilege and the broadest opportunity, and the farmer has every reason to look upon his calling as the noblest and most blessed of all.—Farm Journal.

AN INVOCATION.

'Let me do my duty each day and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of changing years. Spare me from bitterness and the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself, lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am, and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope, and though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castles of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's older memories that are good and sweet, and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.'—Max P.

Rifle bullets are now photographed in their course by means of the electric spark. The camera is taken into a dark room, which the bullet is caused to traverse. As it passes the camera it is made to interrupt an electric circuit.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

"Is a hand organ the sure herald of spring?"

"It seems to me that it's more the herald of an early fall of pennies, and perhaps brickbats."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wylkyns is an experienced traveler, isn't he?

Dawson—I think so. He never talks about his travels.—Somerville Journal.

FRUITS OF THE OLEASTER.

Rather Seedy, but the Flavor Though Tart, is Good.

The garden editor of Practical Farmer says in a late number: There are fruit lists that contain oleasters among other kinds of fruits, and when the home garden is in mind and not one where fruits for market are raised, the oleaster may properly be admitted. This name, oleaster, is applied to the various sorts of elaeagnus, of which there are half a dozen or more which bear berries. All of them have fruit which becomes of a mottled red when ripe; but the ripening period varies greatly.

The earliest ripening one is Elaeagnus Longipes, and it has the largest and handsomest fruit of any. In the North its fruit is ripe in June; in the South, in May. The size of the fruit is nearly that of a small cherry, and the fruit is stalked as cherries are. In the South there is one called Elaeagnus Simoni. It flowers in late autumn and when frosts do not hurt it its fruit ripens in March following.

A species rather common in the North is one named parrifolia, and at one time it was popular as a hedge plant. It is full of ripe fruit in July; but in this one the fruit sets close to the shoots and is not on stalks. Still another one is the late fruiting sort called umbrellata. This ripens very late, not until shortly before it freezes up. Now, as to the uses of the fruit of these, as said at the commencement of these notes, these shrubs are all right for the home garden, for a curiosity in the fruit line.

The fruit is tart, much as that of arberry is, and in the case of all of them excepting the first named, Longipes, there is too little meat and too much bone. Children like to pick and eat them. But in the case of Longipes it is different; and a plant or two set out in the garden would afford fruit with which I think almost everyone would be pleased. In sending to a nursery for plants of it do not forget to ask for the fruit bearing one, as there are plants that bear fruit and plants that do not, and this should be remembered.

The Elaeagnus Longipes is a nice ornamental shrub as well as one desirable for its fruit, and in all large collections of shrubs it may be found because of its various desirable characters.

The Tin Cup Trick.

This little trick, performed in a parlor, will make you appear quite a magician.

Get beforehand two perfectly plain tin cups, without handles and with the bottoms sunk about a quarter of an inch, and straight sides. On the sunk bottom of each put some glue, and over it drop some bird's seed, so that it looks as if the cup were full, whereas it is really standing upside down and the layer of seed is glued to the outside bottom.

When you are ready to perform the trick, have a bag of the same kind of seed, and standing off from your audience, hold the cups so that they can see they are empty, but don't allow anyone to approach you.

Now, take one cup and dip it into the bag of seed, but instead of filling it turn it upside down, so that when you take it out the seed glued to the bottom will show, and everyone will think it is full.

Place the apparently full cup of seed under a hat, but in doing so dexterously turn it so that the empty cup is upright and the glued seed at the bottom. Don't let the audience see this turn.

Now take the other cup, which is empty, and let them see you put it under another hat, but also turn this one so that they do not see you do it. This brings the seed to the top and looks as if the cup were full, and when you remove the hat, after pronouncing some magic words, it will look as if the cups had changed places.

Remove the cups before anyone has a chance to examine them.

About the Horse's Hoof.

With respect to solidity, the different parts of the hoof vary widely. The middle layer of the wall is harder and more tenacious than the sole, for the latter crumbles away or passes off in larger or smaller flakes on its under surface, while no such spontaneous shortening of the wall occurs. The white line and the frog are soft horn structures, and differ from hard horn in that horn cells do not, under natural conditions, become hard and hornlike. They are very elastic, absorb moisture rapidly, and as readily dry out and become hard and brittle and easily fissured. Horn of good quality is fine-grained and tough, and while bad horn is coarse-grained and either mellow and friable or hard and brittle. All horn is a poor conductor of heat, and the harder (drier) the horn, the more slowly does it transmit extremes of temperature.—Professor John W. Adams.

Railways of the United States employ an army of 1,500,000 men. The income of the railway companies last year totaled \$2,000,000,000 and their total assets for this year are valued at four times that sum.

DR. COE'S SANITARIUM.



Located at 26th and Wyandotte Sts. ESTABLISHED 1880. Organized with a full staff of physicians and surgeons for treatment of all Chronic Diseases, THIRTY ROOMS for accommodation of patients. Difficult Surgical Operations Performed with Skill and Success when Surgery is Necessary.

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Well equipped to treat diseases of women. Many who have suffered for years cured at home. Special book for women FREE. Trained Attendants. Best Invalid's Home in the West. X-Ray Used in Examinations. A quiet home for women during confinement. CANCERS, TUMORS—No Money Until Cured.

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DR. C. M. COE, Office, 915 Walnut St., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Read the following letters from patients treated and cured by Dr. Coe; they tell their own story:

Suffered for Twenty Years With Nervous Headache—Treated by Dr. Coe Considers Relief From Pain a Blessing—General Health Better Than It Has Been for Years—Takes Pleasure in Recommending Dr. Coe.

Ness City, Kan., July 6th, 1908. Dr. C. M. Coe, Kansas City, Mo. Dear Doctor:—I had suffered for twenty years with a pain in my head, and tried many remedies and doctors without relief. About four years ago I began taking treatment from you, and derived much benefit from same. My head and general health are better than for years. The relief from pain in my head is a blessing to me. You have always treated me with fairness and consideration, and I take pleasure in recommending you. Yours very truly, J. W. BLAIR.

His Little Girl Entirely Cured of St. Vitus' Dance—Treated in 1898—Had Been Afflicted for Six Months—Was Cured in Two Months' Time.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 12, 1909. Dr. C. M. Coe, Kansas City, Mo. Dear Sir:—Our little girl is now entirely cured of St. Vitus' dance, by your treatment in 1898. She was afflicted six months. Your treatment cured her in two months' time, and she has remained well ever since. Respectfully, MAGGIE WACHSMAN, S. W. Corner 18th and Askew Sts.

After Being Sick for Eight Years and Trying Many Doctors Without Permanent Relief, She Went to Dr. Coe and Was Cured—Now Well and Doing Her Own Work—Feels That She Owes a Great Deal to Dr. Coe.

Junction City, Kan., June 20, 1903. Dr. C. M. Coe, Kansas City, Mo. Dear Doctor:—It is now two years since I was treated at your Sanitarium in Kansas City, and I am well and doing my own work. Have gained thirty pounds in weight. I was sick for eight years before and had tried many doctors but never obtained any permanent relief until I was treated at your Sanitarium. I feel that I owe a great deal to you. Yours respectfully, MRS. J. T. ROMICK.

Greatly Benefitted by Dr. Coe's Treatment—Feels Like a New Person—Treated Four Years Ago and Has Been Perfectly Well Ever Since—Had Been Ill for Ten Years Before.

Norton, Kas., June 16, 1903. Dr. C. M. Coe, Kansas City, Mo. Dear Doctor:—I will say that your treatment greatly benefited me. I feel like a new person. It has been four years since I took treatment from you, and during those years I have felt perfectly well, and have done more work than I did for ten years previously. I had been ill for some ten years before I applied to you for treatment. I recommend all sufferers to go to you. Yours truly, MRS. J. CASE.

Successfully Operated on for Hemorrhoids—Found Dr. Coe a Skillful Operator—Treatment and Accommodations at the Sanitarium all That Could be Desired—Recommends Treatment to Other Sufferers.

Woodward, Okla., Nov. 3, 1900. To Whom It May Concern: I underwent a surgical operation for hemorrhoids at Dr. Coe's Sanitarium, which was successful. I found Dr. Coe to be a very skillful operator. His treatment and accommodations in the Sanitarium were all that could be desired. I cheerfully recommend all sufferers to consult Dr. Coe. J. M. DILLON, Editor Bulletin.

Treated for Catarrh of the Bladder—Had Suffered for Years and Tried Many Remedies—None of Them Did Him the Good That Ours Did.

Knob Noster, Mo., Oct. 20, 1900. Dr. C. M. Coe, Kansas City, Mo. Dear Sir:—I take great pleasure in writing you concerning your treatment and the good it has done for me for catarrh and bladder. I suffered for years and had tried many remedies, but none ever did the good that yours has done for me. Respectfully yours, F. T. THOMPSON.

"Father, what's a chaffing dish par ty?"

"Well, son, it's something like a mixed ale party, only when it's over they send for the doctor instead of the police."—Life.

Dumley—I suppose she didn't like my making sheep's eyes at her, eh? Synnex—She didn't like your using sheep's eyes the way you did.